The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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AN EASTER FLOWER GIFT

O DEAREST bloom the seasons know,
Flowers of the Resurrection, blow;
Our hope and faith restore;
And through the bitterness of death
And loss and sorrow, breathe a breath
Of life forevermore!

The thought of Love Immortal blends
With fond remembrances of friends;
In you, O sacred flowers,
By human love made doubly sweet,
The heavenly and the earthly meet,
The heart of Christ and ours!

—*John G. Whittier.*

GOD DEMANDS MAN'S VERY BEST

"The burden of the Word of the Lord to Israel by Malachi."—*Mal. 1: 1.*

"BEFORE we sit around the holy table I should like to say a few simple words. You will find the keynote of my thought in the opening sentence of the prophecy of Malachi.

"Malachi was the last of the Old Testament prophets. He lived in the time of Nehemiah. Nothing is known of his heritage, his history or his personality. We cannot read his prophecy without being struck by the fact that he tells us nothing about himself. Amos, Hosea, Daniel, Jonah, Jeremiah all live in their words. But the man is hidden behind the prophecy of Malachi. He is only a messenger, one bearing the burden of the word of the Lord. What is that burden?

"Malachi's people were offering for sacrifice the cheap, the shoddy, what they didn't want. The requirement of Jewish law mentioned the lamb 'perfect,' 'without blemish,' 'the first of the flock.' But the people had so lost their sense of obligation that they were bringing their worst to the altar and keeping the best for themselves. Malachi calls them to account. He uses the word *robbery*.

"'Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. If ye offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil? And if ye offer the lame and the sick, is it not evil? Offer it now unto thy governor: will he be pleased with thee, or accept thy person? saith the Lord of hosts.' They were guilty of sacrilege. That was Malachi's burden. I will speak of two thoughts suggested to me by his words.

"First, God demands of every Christian his best, not the things that he doesn't want, but the things he does want. For time and for eternity, we are asked to give not the shabby ends of a jaded life, not the residue after our strength is spent, but the best we have of heart, will, and brain. God seeks not withered flowers, but fresh flowers. He asks, young man, not for crippled helplessness, but for the fresh vigor of your manhood. Such is the divine call.

"The question sometimes is asked, what is a person's best? It is not always a simple question. In Nehemiah's time, the people were bringing blemished sheep and oxen while the strong, healthy cattle were out on the hills. The things that we ourselves prize are usually our best, the things most helpful to the world.

"We, Lord, would lay at thy behest
The costliest offerings on thy shrine;
But when we give, and give our best,
We only give thee that is thine.

"And, second, not only does God demand our best, but the world deserves it. The best man in the world is not too good for the world's needs. I sympathize with the missionary about to go to Africa who heard someone say that he was too good a man for his task. 'I don't think any man is too good for Africa,' was his comment. We never can repay what the world has done for us. The best we possess has reached us through

sacrifice. That was the price of such blessings as our liberties and our schools. We owe to our country and to the world our best wisdom, our best influence.

"A man of wealth contributes to some worthy cause, and his gift is blazoned abroad. Has the contribution touched his capital or impaired his income? No; he merely gave a slice of his wealth. But how could he do otherwise? Wealth is a trust, and we are trustees. We must not confuse the material of life with its principles.

"The important thing in life is not what we have, but what we use. You may play chess with wooden chessmen or with chessmen of carved ivory, but the thing that counts is the game. Take any law, such as that of gravity. It is supreme in its realm. It swings the planets, but it pays just as much attention to a pebble as to a planet. The important thing is not the pebble or the planet, but whether the law is operating. Can your religion be confined to a portion of your time, or is it applicable to your whole life? Someone divided the twenty-four hours into three parts, eight hours for work, eight for rest and eight for God. What do you think of such an arrangement? The Christian point of view is that the twenty-four hours are God's.

"Let us touch upon one more thought. Human life is like a tree. A tree is at its best when it is fulfilling the purpose for which it was made. Some trees tower like the eucalyptus. Others cling to the ground like the box. Some bear outer fruit, like the apple. Some bear inner fruit, like the ash. Orange trees are at their best when they are bearing oranges in profusion, pine trees when they are ready to be made into implements for the service of man, oaks when they can furnish material for building a vessel. Each is thus doing the best for its own possibilities.

"Our best may appear poor. In chess, the question is not whether we are knights, pawns or castles. The question is the game. With the tree, the question is not the size. It is the use. You may say: 'I can't do much. My place is a corner. My talents are those of mediocrity.' Don't say that. Your life has in it the element of manifoldness. Do what you can with your whole soul. It may be multiplied. Do the noble thing you were meant to do. Tomorrow it may appear as a personal advantage to someone you know. The next day it may turn up as a domestic felicity. The day after it may prove to be the strengthening of some person's commercial integrity.

"Have you read Vachel Lindsay's 'Johnny Appleseed'? It is the story of a strange character who brought apples from the Old World and scattered them through the East and the Mississippi Valley. People called him a fool. Some children threw stones at him. But what was he doing? Clearing the way for the feet of the Lord. How? By making a better world for generations to come. You may be a fool for God. So was Columbus. So was Livingstone. So indeed was Jesus Christ. Henry Drummond spoke truly when he said that what God wanted was not more of us, but a better brand.

"Someone has said that a grain of musk will remain sweet for a thousand years. Madame Curie tells us that it will take a hundred thousand years to exhaust a bit of radium. What a wonderful world this is! And how long do you think it will take to obliterate the influence of a noble life? Think of St. Francis. Think of John Wesley.

"We are greater than we realize. Go into the Master's vineyard and do your work. Today you will bless some man next to you. But, doing it today, you have done it for eternity!"—From sermon by Rev. Malcolm James MacLeod, D.D., minister of the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas, New York.

"WHERE, in my name, meet two or three,"
Our Lord hath said, "I there will be."
So to the calmly gathered thought
The innermost of truth is taught,
(So sometimes comes to soul and sense
The feeling which is evidence),
That the dear Christ dwells not afar,
The King of some remoter star,
But here, amidst the poor and blind,
The bound and suffering of our kind,
In works we do, in prayers we say,
Life of our life, He lives today.

THE SIGN OF THE OAK

THE greatest nature lovers speak about nature not in general but in particular. They tell us about single birds and single trees. Burroughs, for instance, writes about a woodpecker which was a winter neighbor, and before he has finished the reader feels that he also knows that woodpecker, and if he met it, would be able to recognize it. In one bird he finds an almost boundless interest.

James Oliver Curwood similarly writes about a tree, a gnarled old oak in the yard of his Michigan home, broken and twisted, which many people had urged him to destroy. "But that tree and I," he says, "have talked over many things together; it has pointed out to me how to stand up under adversity, has shown me how to put up a man's fight. For each spring and summer saw it making its valiant struggle to do its best." It was thus that Curwood became its friend, gave it a helping hand, saw it grow stronger with each season. Often did he go out and sit against it and hear and understand its

voice. He writes of that one old oak and its comradeship.

That tree friend did more for him than a hundred tree acquaintances. Along such ways come the great enrichings of nature. Usually it is the single tree or flower or bird that does most for us in the way of inspiration. How challenging is a single daisy found in a stretch of sand dunes, tenaciously holding on to existence in a desperate situation; or an elderberry bush in a garden in a town famous for chemical works, the fumes from which are disastrous to trees and plants alike. We have seen elder bushes thus holding the fort and the effort seemed to deserve a cheer. A mountain ash or a silver birch, hung up on a precipitous mountain side, a clump of coltsfoot on a slag heap, these can do what Curwood's old oak did, point out how to stand up under adversity. Nor is there need to go far afield to find some such "talking" tree or flower. Indeed, the more unprivileged the place, the more impressive the challenge!

Nature is a great teacher. Most precious lessons can be learnt from tree and flower. We ourselves have seen old oaks in the New Forest, in England, the sort of trees out of which long ago, the "wooden walls" of England were built, oaks which were a most impressive lesson. Because of the shallow, gravelly soil and the hard struggle of their lot, those oaks developed their gnarled and bent limbs, known as "knee timber"; and this timber was of indispensable worth in the days when ships were built of wood.

In his poem "The Beggar," James Russell Lowell pictures one who goes through the world seeking alms. From brook and granite, from violet and pine, he asks for a gift, for part of the secret, it may be of modesty, or strength, or cheerfulness, that each knows. From the old oak this is his request.

"A little of thy steadfastness,
Rounded with leafy gracefulness
Old oak, give me,
That the world's blasts may round me blow,
And I yield gently to and fro,
While my stout hearted trunk below
And firm set roots unshaken be."

—*Selected.*

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

Favorite Recipes

Lamb and Spaghetti Pie. A little meat, but the semblance of much is achieved in this pie.—¼ package spaghetti, 1 cup diced lamb, 1½ cups peas, 1 tablespoon parsley, 1½ teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon thyme, 3 tablespoons fat. Boil the spaghetti until half cooked. Brown the meat in the fat. Line the baking dish with half of the spaghetti and fill with meat and peas. Pour ½ cup water in the meat pan, seasoning with chopped parsley, thyme, salt and Worcestershire, and curry powder. Pour on the meat, cover with spaghetti. Add two tablespoons butter in small pieces. Bake one hour in hot oven, 400 degrees F., covered for the first half hour. Brown, if necessary, under the broiler.

Devil's Food Cake.—Cream 1 cupful of sugar with 1 cupful of shortening, add the yolks of 2 eggs and 1 cupful of sour buttermilk in which 1 teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved, and ½ cupful of water. Sift together three times: 2 cupfuls of sifted flour, 2 tablespoonfuls of cocoa and 1 teaspoonful of baking powder. Dredge 1 cupful of raisins with part of the flour. Stir the liquid mixture slowly into the rest of the flour, add the raisins, 1 teaspoonful of vanilla and last, the stiffly beaten whites of the 2 eggs. Bake in a moderate oven about 25 minutes if in layers; 45 minutes if in a loaf.

Hot Milk Cake.—Two eggs beaten light, 1 cup sugar, beat in, 1 cup flour, ½ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon cream tartar. Place ½ cup milk with tablespoon of butter on stove, let come to a boil, add last to the other mixture. Flavor to suit taste. Beat all with egg beater.

Mock Indian Pudding.—Into a double boiler put 1 quart of milk, ½ cup of molasses, ½ cup of well washed rice, butter size of English walnut and ½ teaspoon of salt. Cook two hours. Serve with cream. This is a very nice and economical pudding, and will serve eight or ten people.

Noodles Neapolitan Style.—Two packages fine noodles, 6 tomatoes, green pepper, 2 medium onions, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon black pepper, 6 or 8 tablespoons olive oil or butter. Cut tomatoes in halves, keeping the skin on. Put a layer skin side down in a buttered baking dish. Next a layer of noodles, uncooked, followed by a layer of shredded pepper and chopped onion and seasonings. Continue making the top layer of tomatoes, skin side up. Pour on the oil or melted butter and bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees F., keeping covered the first half of the time. It will take from one to one-and-a-half hours, depending on the size.

Handy Hints

To keep waxed floors in good condition the wax first must be allowed to dry thoroughly and then floors should be well polished. This will prevent them from scratching easily. The finish should be renewed as soon as it starts to wear off.

When baking a pie with two crusts, as an apple pie, pick the top crust with a fork to let out the steam. This will prevent the crust from bursting at the sides and letting the juice run out.

Clean cold water poured down the drain pipes of the sink will keep them free from grease. Do it after each dish-washing.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. McCaddin, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

APPEALS

1. I am a farmer's wife, 50 years old, and the mother of eight children. I would appreciate good reading for myself and children, also some quilt pieces to work on winter evenings and while the children are at school. Mrs. A. V. Pendleton, Elamsville, Va.

2. Mrs. Lantie Sturgill, Rugby, Va., writes that she gets very lonesome, as most of the children are in school. She would highly appreciate some quilt scraps, books, yarn, and thread. Anything would be appreciated for the children to help them with their studies, also toys and cards for the two little ones at home, ages 5 and 3.

3. It is my understanding that your wonderful organization, called the Cheerful Letter Exchange, is instrumental in sending reading matter to those in need of it. I have six children: four boys, aged 22, 18, 16, 14, two girls, aged 20 and 16, who would most highly appreciate any reading matter, books or magazines, that you could send them. They all love good books and magazines better than anything else in the world, but are not financially able to secure them. The boys are especially fond of western stories, so anything you might send them will be received with thanks. Mrs. J. P. Reeves, Rupert, Ark.

4. Mrs. Royston Coppinger, Tellico Plains, Tenn., who was formerly Bessie Saunders, writes that she has a little boy 5 months old. Her husband works away from home, and she gets very lonesome. She would be happy to receive books and magazines and pieces for patchwork.

5. I have seven children at home and am not able to send them to school, as the school is many miles away. One boy, 12 years old, is both deaf and dumb. The youngest are twins, one year old. The boy who is 12 enjoys looking at pictures. I do hope you may send me some pieces for my quilt and some picture books for my children. Mrs. Charles Owen, Sandy Level, Va.

6. Mrs. Florence Bryant, R. 2, Bassetts, Va., is very lonely, and would like some pieces and bits of embroidery, or something to read. She asked for a bit of cheer for her daughter-in-law, Gala Bryant, of the same address.

7. Mrs. B. L. Blaney, Washita, Okla., has six boys, ages 12, 10, 7, 6, 3, and 8 months. "Any kind of reading for them would be wonderful."

8. Mrs. Elsie Jamison, Dodson, Va., is sending thanks to the *Cheerful Letter* friends for remembering her children and herself. She would appreciate sewing material and gingham scraps to pass off her lonely hours. She would be glad of something for the children, as they are not in school. There are four children, 12, 9, 7, and 3 years old.

9. Mrs. Dora Barker, Grant, Va., is the mother of eleven children and expecting another little one. Their ages are from 18 years down. Eight are girls. She would appreciate cheer of any kind, especially quilt scraps and embroidery thread.

10. I am 16 years old and in the eighth grade. I would love to receive reading matter; toys for my little brother; also quilt pieces for my mother would be welcomed. Miss Bille Barr, Comet, N. C.

11. Mrs. S. B. Hamner, Pedlar Mills, Va., wishes to thank all the *Cheerful Letter* friends who have remembered her in the past, and she hopes to be remembered this winter with patchwork of any kind and sewing material. She would also like a correspondent.

12. I would like very much to receive scraps for quilts, or reading matter. Mrs. R. W. Blackburn, Conowingo, Md., R. 1.

Changes of Address

Mrs. Florence Bryant, from Leaksville, N. C., to Bassetts, Va., R. 2.

Pearl Beverage, from Dabney, Ark., to Parkdale, Ark., R. 3, Box 171 A.

Mrs. R. G. Earp, from R. 2, North Wilkesboro, N. C., to Boomer, N. C.

Mrs. Walter Hurley, from Peach Bottom, Pa., to Christiana, R. F. D. 2, Pa.

Mrs. Hattie Maulden, from Ansonville, Box 235, N. C., to Wadesboro, R. 2, Box 146, N. C.

In Memoriam

Mrs. Eva L. Paul, *Cheerful Letter* Chairman, of Hartford, Conn., passed away in December, 1929. She was a devoted and faithful worker, and will be greatly missed by her associates and by those to whom she gave so freely of sympathy and cheer.

'TIS ONLY IN THE PRESENT

The morrow never, never comes,
The past can ne'er return!
'Tis only in the present—now—
That we can live and learn.
—*E. E. Sheasgreen.*

THE BLUE SNOW FLOWER

In Switzerland next in impressiveness to the mountains, are the flowers. They are unforgettable, both in their wild profusion, and in their minute and exquisite beauty. A field of Alpine flowers is like nothing else we have ever seen. In its case, seeing alone is believing. The colors are beyond all description, wonderful. They have a purity, a delicacy, not found away from the mountain heights. It almost seems, as one writer has suggested, that the nearer "we come to the whiteness of driven snow and the blue of heaven, the richer are the flower colors." What pictures for those who have seen, do such flower names as Gentian, Primula, Anemone, Arnica, Alpine forget-me-nots and the little pansies call up! At one's feet the radiant flowers, and then as one lifts his eyes, the towering white summits of Matterhorn and Eiger and Wetterhorn.

The writer carries about with him two little pressed Soldanellas, the flower that often forms a blue border on the edge of the snows. It literally grows under the ice, melting a way for itself by its own internal heat. Its season is short and it must needs reach the light as soon as may be, and so, not finding a way, it makes one—one of the world's tiny conquerors, so frail and delicate seeming, yet apparently so hardy and unafraid. One has occasionally wondered if the flower's rare loveliness is in any way the gift of the stern necessities of its dwelling.

The ancients, it is said, had four cordial flowers for cheering the human spirit. Their selection was rose, violet, alkanet and the blue flowering borage. The little Soldanella is one of my cordial flowers. A glance at the pressed specimens in my pocketbook can sometimes do great things for my courage. By winning that beauty on those snowy heights, they have also won the power to bid me to be of good cheer.—*Selected.*

THE DAY OF RESURRECTION

The day of Resurrection,
Earth, tell it out abroad,
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From this world to the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of Resurrection light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His own "All hail," and hearing
May raise the victor strain.

Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our joy that hath no end.
John of Damascus (8th Century).

"GOOD HEALTH" NOTES

"Youth"

"Youth is not a time of life; it is a state of mind; it is not a matter of rosy cheeks, red lips and supple knees; it is a matter of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions; it is the freshness of the deep springs of life.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over the love of ease. This often exists in a man of sixty more than a boy of twenty. Nobody grows old merely by a number of years. We grow old by deserting our ideals. Years may wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, fear, self-distrust bows the heart and turns the spirit back to dust.

Whether sixty or sixteen, there is in every human being's heart the lure of wonder, the unfailing childlike appetite of what's next, and the joy of the game of living. In the center of your heart and my heart there is a wireless station; so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, courage, and power from men and from the Infinite, so long are you young. When the aerials are down, and your spirit is covered with the snows of cynicism and the ice of pessimism, then you are grown old, even at twenty; but as long as your aerials are up, to catch the waves of optimism, there is hope you may die young at eighty."—*Samuel Ullman.* (From "The Summit of Four Score Years," published in folder form by the Women's Alliance of All Souls Church (Unitarian), New York City.

* * *

Caring for Those "Young in Years"

The work of the Children's Welfare Federation for the year 1929 is given us by its President, Thomas S. McLane. The Federation has 243 organizations as members, and 430 organizations have used the clearing houses operated for placement and protection of mothers and children.

More than 53,000 mothers and children have been referred for care; milk, distributed upon doctors' certificates for premature and sick babies, has been supplied to 502 babies, and more than 85,000 pieces of literature have been distributed. There are committees on standards of maternity care, health stations, pre-school clinics and temporary shelters and camps. These committees will study problems affecting the health and protection of the children of the United States.

* * *

Food Charts

An excellent chart in concise form may be secured from the Educational Department of the Postum Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. Mothers, or anyone interested in the important subject of the chemistry of food, should apply for this aid in correct feeding.

We have previously referred to the Summer Course in Euthenics at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Two young mothers attending this year have prepared a sheet of Food Values which has recently come into our hands and which we delight in passing on to our readers:

"A Dietary Nucleus"

Essential Nutrients supplied by: X

							Vitamins			
	Protein	*Calcium*	*Phosphorus*	*Copper*	*Iron*	*Iodine*	*A*	*B*	*C*	*D*
Milk	XXX	XXX	XXX				XXX	X		
Tomatoes		X					XX	XXX	XXX	
Citrus fruit (oranges, grapefruit, etc.)										
Liver (weekly)			XXX		XXX		XXX	XX		XX
Green leaves		XX		XX	X		XXX	XX	X	X
Fish (weekly)	XXX					XXX				

(Note.—X represents a standard amount of nutrient.)

Foods containing an abundance of essential nutrients:

Protein	*Calcium*	*Iron*	*Phosphorus*
Meat and fish	Milk and buttermilk	Raw oysters	Milk
Dried peas (boiled)	American cheese	Dandelion greens	Buttermilk
Milk	Dried figs	Spinach	Lean meat
Cottage cheese	Dandelion greens	Lean meat, liver	Fish
Navy beans (boiled)	Cauliflower	Dried peas and beans	Raw oysters
Eggs	Raw oysters	Dried figs	Dried peas
	Oranges	Egg yolk	Beans (limas)
		Bran	Lentils
		Molasses	Bran
		Raisins	Cottage cheese

Vitamins

A	*B*		*C*
Butter	Tomatoes	Milk	Oranges
Cream	Spinach	Cream	Lemons
Milk	Asparagus	Oatmeal	Raw cabbage
Egg yolk	Navy beans	Brown rice	Tomatoes
Spinach	Raw cabbage	Calves' liver	Lettuce
Cheese	Lettuce	Citrus fruit	Grapefruit

Vegetable Cookery

I. Red vegetables—to give brightest color:
   1. Add one teaspoonful vinegar to each quart of water.
   2. Use small amount of water.
   3. Cook until tender in covered vessel.

II. Yellow vegetables have stable color not easily destroyed so should be cooked to retain greatest amount of nutrients. (See V.)

III. Green vegetables: If cooked to preserve color, serve larger amounts to compensate loss of nutrients.

For retaining color:
   1. Use six times as much hard water as vegetable.*
   2. Plunge the vegetables in boiling water and bring to boiling point again quickly.
   3. Leave kettle uncovered while cooking.
   4. Cook until just tender.
   5. Serve immediately.

IV. Strong juiced vegetables, when properly cooked, are attractive in appearance and more palatable.
   1. Cook in a large amount of boiling water to reduce the strong flavor and time of cooking.
   2. Plunge the vegetables into boiling water and bring to a boil again as quickly as possible.
   3. Cook in an uncovered vessel to allow strong flavor to escape.
   4. Cook until just tender, as long cooking develops strong flavor and makes vegetables dark and mushy.

V. Nutrient-saving devices:
   1. Prevent loss of minerals by:
      (a) Proper preparation of vegetables: Leave skin on or pare as thinly as possible. Cut lengthwise, if necessary to cut—do not soak.†
      (b) Correct methods of cookery: Bake; steam; cook in pressure cooker, or boil in small amount of water.
      (c) Conserve cooking water. Use as little as possible in simmering. (Do not boil hard.) Utilize what remains after removal of cooked vegetables, in soups, sauces, minced meat or re-heating of foods. (Milk is also good for this purpose.)
   2. Vitamins: A—Not destroyed by cooking.
      B—Partly dissolved in cooking-water.
      C—Any cooking process destroys at least 50 per cent of Vitamin C.

LAURA R. DONNELL.

*Spinach contains such an abundance of green pigment that it may be cooked in a small amount of water and still preserve its color.

† We would add, from personal experience, that onions are delicate in flavor if boiled in water for five minutes, the water removed, and again cooked in boiling water until tender.

If string beans, or other vegetables, are stale or old, they become tender for eating if soaked a while before cooking. Fresh vegetables, if cut and soaked, lose juices into the water in which they stand.

Strangely enough, canned vegetables contain more vitamins than those boiled on the stove as they are *steamed after sealing in cans.*

Less seasoning is necessary if added to vegetables (canned or fresh), after placing in serving dishes; also this preserves real flavor of food.

FOR CHILDREN

LORD, bless not only food and drink,
But all we do and say and think,
So that from all our work and play,
We shall be better for this day.
—*Book of Silent Prayer.*

To have what we want, is riches; but to be able to do without, is power.—*George Macdonald.*

IN all the superior people I have met I notice directness—truth spoken more truly, as if everything of obstruction, of malformation, had been trained away.—*Emerson.*

CIRCLING THE WORLD IN A COZY BED

By Helen G. Mackay

Traveling in bed is a most satisfying yet inexpensive diversion. If you live near a public library the fare costs you nothing. If your pocketbook is fat enough to permit the purchase of travel books, so much the better. Then you may mark them if you have that bad habit. This traveling in bed is most valuable even if you never visit the places about which you read. If, however, Fortune smiles on you and you suddenly find yourself aboard a steamer bound for shores unknown, you will obtain more enjoyment from your travels because from reading you have stored up a fund of knowledge. You have a background for your actual travels which only reading can give you.

Nowadays we have so many diversions. We play bridge, we golf, we motor. We hurry here and there to meetings, musicals, lectures and what not. Often after so many of these pastimes and diversions I have had a sudden, overwhelming conviction that I have wasted precious hours; that it is all so very futile. Then night comes and I look forward to that peaceful hour before sleep. I always make it at least an hour, no matter how late it may be. It is the proper hour for bed-traveling.

You probably already have the necessary equipment for these travels; a comfortable bed, a bedside table of ample proportions to hold all sorts of books, magazines, pamphlets, and a well-focused bedside lamp. And, if your bedroom is as fortunate as mine, you will have an open fireplace for winter nights.

Now you are ready to start, to sail, or fly. Choose your desired means of transportation. You are the captain and the open road is yours.

Last winter I went through Spain, literature-ly speaking. In bed-traveling one gets easily side-tracked. I happened on a short history of Spain, and in that history there was an outline of the literature and poetry of Spain. Before I knew it I was reading a most fascinating group of Spanish novels, from the earliest writers up to Ibanez.

France is my favorite travel-land; probably because I have been there in the flesh as well as in the spirit. The spirit is now counting the months and the flesh is saving the pennies for that happy day when I close my eyes and listen to the swish of water against the ship's sides. Then I shall pinch myself to make sure I am really aboard. The next port is Cherbourg and it is lilac time and the conductor is starting the train with his silly little whistle. The long rolls of bread are in the baggage rack, quite uncovered from dust and germs. But what care we for germs? We're off to Paris.

When you bed-travel to France, steep yourself in French history, biography and architecture. It is never dull or dry. There are countless interesting books. If you are worrying about the morals of the present generation just read a few biographies, say of Napoleon, or Madame Du Barry, or George Sand. After you have read a few you will not feel so grieved and helpless about the flappers of today.

I keep an up-to-date sailing list on my bedside table, also an atlas. The sailing list, I admit, is tantalizing, but suddenly you may want to know when and if you can get a boat to some far-off port. Maybe the stock market will show a sign of life some day and your trip will materialize.

Just at present I am bed-traveling to London. Mr. A. Edward Newton, the author of "The Greatest Book in the World," is responsible for my traveling to London. Of course he does not know it. I admire his writings so much and there is something about his description of nosing about London that makes me want to nose about, too.

Bed-traveling leads you into all sorts of by-paths. You will find yourself dabbling in books on art, poetry, drama, architecture, and archaeology. Best of all you may travel for nothing if you live near a public library. Browse amongst its books and choose your course of travel.

You have been bed-traveling an hour or two. You become sleepy. You have been traveling far. Maybe you have been following the Seine from Havre to Paris, a lovely trip even in bed. Throw those extra pillows on a nearby chair. Turn out your light. You have a sleepy sense of satisfaction. You have been lifted far above the worries and discordances of this jangling daily life. You fall into a tranquil, peaceful sleep. Who knows? Maybe you, too, will see the sunset colors reflected on the snows of Jungfrau.—*Boston Transcript.*

COMMERCIAL STREET (PROVINCETOWN)

Along the curving brightness of the bay,
The hurried little street runs like a song;
Way-up-along, around, and down-along,
It takes its lilting, winding vivid way
Between small shops and smaller houses, gay
With zinnias, petunias, hollyhocks,
Hooked rugs, ships' models, figureheads, old clocks
And modernistic paintings of today.

Art students, tourists, townsfolk, fishermen,
Elbow each other; motors warily
Dodge horse-drawn carts; great buses, thundering
From distant towns, keep walkers wondering.
A daring and delightful thing to be
A stroller here—one always comes again!

—*Roselle Mercier Montgomery.*

EMMA WILLARD
A Pioneer Worker for the Education of Women

The Hall of Fame is to be presented with a bust of Emma Willard by the alumnae of the Emma Willard School. This is good news to all who are familiar with the history of women's education.

In 1905, five years after the 29 names were chosen for the Hall of Fame, three women were honored—Emma Willard, Mary Lyon and Maria Mitchell. All three were educators. Each one made an outstanding contribution to the welfare of women and of the world.

Emma Willard was the first woman publicly to take her stand for the higher education of women. She was the first woman to make definite experiments to prove that women were capable of comprehending higher studies. Her Female Seminary, founded in Troy, N. Y., in 1821, attained not only national prominence but was looked upon as a model in Europe as well.

It is a good thing in these days, when education for women is taken as such a matter of course, to look back to see the progress that has been made and acknowledge the debt which the Nation owes to Emma Willard.

When Emma Willard in 1814 opened her first female seminary in Middlebury, Vt., girls' schools taught the mere rudiments, reading, writing, and elementary arithmetic, and stressed the accomplishments, painting, playing on the harpsichord, singing a song or two for company, embroidering, and making shell ornaments, and perhaps added French or a little history to the curriculum. Emma Willard, then living near the campus of Middlebury College, became familiar with the course of study at men's colleges, and realized more than ever before what educational advantages women were being deprived of. She studied her nephew's textbooks and proved to herself that women were capable of pursuing higher subjects. Because public opinion held so firmly to the opinion that women could not possibly understand geometry, she asked her nephew to examine her in that subject, and he found her very proficient.

When in 1814 financial reverses made it seem necessary for her to open a school for young ladies in her own home, she started on her career of providing higher education for women, and called her school Middlebury Female Seminary. She was troubled for a time over a name for this school, not daring to call it a college, because in that day a college for women seemed entirely too absurd. One day she heard her minister pray for "our seminaries of learning," and she said, "I have it. I will call it a female seminary. That word, while it is high as the highest, is also low as the lowest, and will not create a jealousy that we mean to intrude upon the province of the men." So, the name, female seminary, coined by Emma Willard, came into general use.

During these next years while Emma Willard was proving to her entire satisfaction that young ladies could pursue higher subjects and still retain their charm, she was evolving a plan for improving women's education, which she wished to present to the public. Her views received sympathetic recognition from the fathers of some of her New York State pupils, and, at their suggestion, she sent a copy of her plan to Governor DeWitt Clinton, who became interested in it and supported it. Her friends then introduced her plan in the New York Legislature, and she, accompanied by her husband, Dr. Willard, went to Albany to confer with legislators regarding it. She gave her plan this imposing title, "An Address to the Public; Particularly to the Members of the Legislature of New York, Proposing a Plan for Improving Female Education."

In this lengthy, well-thought-out document, she appealed for state aid in founding schools for "females." She asked that women be given the same educational opportunities as men, and showed of what benefit to the state well-educated women would be, how they would raise the tone of society and bear nobler and more intelligent sons. She outlined a course of study which, although ambitious for 1819, seems very limited today. Of course, such an unprecedented demand aroused a great deal of consternation and ridicule. Chivalrous gentlemen of 1819 wished to protect women from the dire effects of education. One legislator insisted that book learning would not help women make puddings or knit stockings, while a more vehement opponent declared that they'd be educating the cows next. There were, however, liberal, far-seeing men who encouraged Mrs. Willard. Her plan was widely circulated in the United States and in Europe, and she received letters of commendation from prominent men, including DeWitt Clinton, John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Willard had moved her seminary to Waterford, N. Y., at the request of some of her supporters, and the Legislature approved the incorporation of the Waterford Academy for Young Ladies. Funds for its maintenance, however, were not forthcoming from the Legislature as was expected, and when Mrs. Willard was in despair over the future of her school, the citizens of Troy, N. Y., offered to provide her with a suitable building if she would move her seminary there. In 1821, sixteen years before Mary Lyon founded Mount Holyoke Seminary, the Troy Female Seminary received its first pupils, and grew in popularity and influence so that Mrs. Willard was able to accomplish without state aid what a few years before had seemed well-nigh impossible.

She steadily continued her policy of adding higher subjects to the curriculum. She laid special emphasis on mathematics, feeling that women were in particular need of the training which this subject would give them. Geometry, she called the plowshare of the mind. History, philosophy and one science after another were introduced, and as she could not at first afford to employ professors to teach these subjects, she studied them thoroughly and taught them herself. She evolved new methods of teaching geography and history, making them much more vital to her pupils, and published geography and history textbooks which won immediate recognition and were widely circulated. She trained hundreds of teachers, many of them gratuitously, and sent them into the South and West, where they carried the message of woman's education. She persuaded her pupils that they owed it to their country to become teachers for at least a few years. In this way, she taught many poor girls to be self-supporting and brought many wealthy girls into a life of usefulness.

In 1838 Mrs. Willard retired from the active management of the Troy Female Seminary, leaving it in charge of her son and his wife. From that time on her interest was primarily in the improvement of the common schools. She worked with Henry Barnard in Connecticut, making the schools of that state models for other states to follow. Later, she traveled widely through New York State, holding teachers' institutes, and in a long tour through the South and West by stage, canal boat and packet, she did much to arouse interest in education and to impress women with the part they must play in this great movement. Her plea was always for more women as teachers, for higher salaries and better schoolhouses.

Emma Willard was looked upon as one of the great educators of her day, as one of the Nation's most gifted women. There is no doubt that she was the outstanding figure in the movement for the higher education of women and that her "Plan for Improving Female Education" was the foundation upon which women's colleges were built.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

PRAYER

I KNOW not by what methods rare,
But this I know, God answers prayer.
I know not when He sends the word
That tells us fervent prayer is heard.
I know it cometh soon or late;
Therefore we need to pray and wait.
I know not if the blessing sought
Will come in just the guise I thought.
I leave my prayers with Him alone
Whose will is wiser than my own.

—*Eliza M. H. Abbott.*

THE SPIRIT OF WORSHIP IN NIKKO

IN the beautiful approach to Nikko, the famous temples of Japan, Catherine C. Perry of Boston, daughter of Mrs. Charles A. Perry, a recently appointed missionary to Japan under the American Board, sees a striking parable.

"About 250 years ago," writes Miss Perry, "a Japanese farmer, being sought after for money for the temple and having none to give, said he would set out, by hand, evergreen trees, so that there might be perpetuated a beautiful approach to the temple. So every two or three feet, for a long distance he set out these trees, and there they still stand, making beautiful the drawing near to the worship of the only god he knew. This contains a whole parable. How often do we make an approach to the worship of God which is hurried and unbeautiful."

To Miss Perry the spirit of worship at Nikko is embodied in the beauty of nature surrounding the temples, rather than in the temples which, though beautiful in design and of historic value, seem to symbolize a religion the original beauty of which has been overlaid with the dust of ages.

"The endless form and ritual," she points out, "the shining symbols of humbug and superstition which fill them, and the pathetic coins of the poor scattered on the floor in hope of purchasing some sought-for ease of body or mind or spirit, all leave with the visitor a sense of oppression and the need to go out of doors again under the beauty of the trees."—*Boston Transcript.*

JUST AS I AM

JUST as I am, thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who lovest me,
To consecrate myself to Thee,
O, Jesus Christ, I come.

In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart I come.

I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my might;
Therefore, to Thee, I come.

Just as I am, young, strong and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

For Thy dear sake to win renown,
And then to take my victor's crown,
And at Thy feet to cast it down,
O Master, Lord, I come.

—*Marianne Hearn.*

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

STRANGE STUDY LIGHTS

THERE is an old story of a little Chinese boy, Kwang Hung by name, who wanted very much to learn from books so that he might become a great man in the Kingdom. But all day long he had to work for the magistrate because his family was very poor and needed the little he could earn. One day an officer gave him some books. He couldn't make much use of them, however, because he had no money to buy oil to put into his lamp. And he had no time to study by day.

Kwang Hung thought about the matter as he worked all day long for the great magistrate. He couldn't see how it was going to be done, but he determined just the same to become a great scholar. And, because he would not give up, one day an idea came to him. His next-door neighbor had more money and could buy oil. If he should make a hole through the dividing wall, some of his neighbor's light would shine through. The neighbor would be none the poorer and he would be ever so much richer because of the chance to study.

That very evening he tried his idea and it worked. By the little stream of light which came into his mean quarters he could see the characters in his books, although he had to move his book about a good deal so that the light would fall on the part he wanted to study. But so eager was he to get an education that he scarcely noticed the inconvenience.

And so, night after night, for a long, long time Kwang Hung studied his books by the light which shone through the hole in the wall. By and by, the story goes on to say, when examinations were held, he did so well that people who did not know how hard he studied marveled. Finally the story of his outstanding scholarship gained under such great difficulties reached the ears of the Emperor himself, who gave him a high appointment.

The Chinese story books tell us of another lad who was too poor to buy oil but who had a high determination to become a great scholar. This lad noticed that white reflects light, so on nights when the moon was shining he sat out in the cold and held his book so that the light from the snow would fall on its pages as he studied. After the snows had melted he collected great numbers of glowworms and studied at night by the light which they gave.

These stories from the Chinese olden tales may or may not be entirely true. We do know, however, that they are true in spirit and that many, many Chinese lads have made great sacrifices and have studied under great difficulties in order to gain an education which would elevate them in the Kingdom.—*Clipped.*

HELGA, FRIEND OF ANIMALS

A TRUE STORY

HELGA lived in Berlin, and the most remarkable thing about her was her great devotion to animals. Whenever and wherever she met them she tried to be kind and helpful to them. This fact spread among the animals of the neighborhood, nobody knows how. When Helga passed her vacation time in the country, cats and goats and birds, too, were helped by her. They came from all directions with their ailments, and were cared for and kindly treated.

One morning she was aroused by the rattling of chains in front of the door of the farmhouse. Though it was not yet 5 o'clock in the morning, she dressed herself and went down stairs.

There stood a very big shepherd dog looking miserable and unhappy, and trailing behind him an iron chain much heavier than those which are used for dogs. He did not bark, but evidently he came asking for help. When Helga examined him to find out what could be the matter, she discovered that he was in great distress on account of his collar, that seemed to be too tight. Besides this, he was half starved and in a very neglected condition. He did not bark, but Helga knew the appealing look of animals in distress. She immediately went to work with a pair of pincers and at last succeeded in removing the collar from the dog's neck, which was bruised and injured.

As the dog was clearly starved, Helga procured some food and drink for him. After he had finished the sixth bowl of food, she thought it wise to stop feeding him, as more might be too much at one time. Then she washed his wounds and brushed off the winter fur which hung in bunches around him. The dog let her do everything for him, and his wide-opened eyes were friendly and thankful. He put his large paws on her shoulders to show his gratitude.

But when a stranger approached the cottage the poor stray was so afraid that he began to bark and bite. Nobody could approach him without being barked at and bitten. It seemed that the poor dog had suffered so much unkind treatment that he trusted nobody but Helga. In order to protect visitors, Helga was obliged to keep him under lock and key.

Finally the owner of the dog was found. He was a blacksmith in a far-off village. The dog was returned to him only on condition that he would treat him kindly. The neighbors and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals kept a watchful eye on him to prevent further cruelty.

Was it not wonderful that the poor dog had found his way to somebody who loved animals as Helga did?—*Christian Science Monitor.*

A MORNING HOUR

I GATHERED me roses at break of day
For my bowl of shining blue,
And the Larkspur whispered of love and peace,
And the beauty of life made new.

The roses I gathered have faded and gone,
With the Larkspur's shining blue,
But the thoughts that came in the clear morning light
Have lingered the long night through.

—*Ethel Monro Goss.*

DRUDGERY is as necessary to call out the treasures of the mind, as harrowing and planting those of the earth.—*Margaret Fuller.*

No man can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.

—*Jeremy Taylor.*

LOOKING AND OVERLOOKING

IF we notice little pleasures
As we notice little pains;
If we quite forget our losses
And remember all our gains;
If we looked for people's virtues,
And their faults refused to see,
What a comfortable, happy,
Cheerful place this world would be!

Clipped.

HABIT is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it.

—*Horace Mann*

THE chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do the best we can.—*Emerson.*

ACTIONS, looks, words—steps from the alphabet by which you spell character.—*Lavater*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

MRS. H. A. STEVENS, *Chairman*

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents* should be sent to the Chairman, Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 36 Lancaster St., Cambridge, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. Two hundred and thirty-nine are now on our lists.

5. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

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